A

Funeral Poem,

In Memory of the Moſt Noble

JOHN

Duke of *Marlborough*, &c.

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Sacred to the MEMORY of

The Most Noble

JOHN CHURCHILL,

Duke and Earl of

MARLBOROUGH,

Marquess of *Blandford*, and Lord *Churchill* of *Sandridge* in the County of *Hertford*; Baron *Aymouth* in the County of *Berwick* in *Scotland*; Prince of the Holy *Roman* Empire; Captain General, and General and Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Forces; Master General of the Ordnance; Colonel of the First Regiment of Guards; one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council; and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, *&c.*

Who departed this Life at the *Lodge* near *Windsor*, Saturday *June* 16, 1722.

Humbly presented to

Sir *Hans Sloan*, Bart.

LONDON, Printed for the Author, MDCCXXII.

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Funeral POEM,

Sacred to the MEMORY of

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JOHN CHURCHILL,

Duke and Earl of

MARLBOROUGH,

Marquess of Blandford, and Lord Churchill of Sandridge in the County of Hertford; Baron Aymouth in the County of Berwick in Scotland; Prince of the Holy Roman Empire; Captain General, and General and Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Forces; Master General of the Ordnance; Colonel of the First Regiment of Guards; one of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council; and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

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DEATH, that the Fort of Life had long assail'd,
Maugre all Aids of Physick, has prevail'd;
And spite of *Friend*'s and *Gibson*'s healing Art,
Has forc'd its Passage to Great *MARLBORO*'s Heart;

And at its laſt Aſſault ſucceſsful grown,
Caus'd Fear in ev'ry Breaſt but in his own,
To Fear amidſt all Dangers ſtill unknown.

Nor tho' great Loſſes mupify the Senſe,
And Silence beſt denotes the Fate's Offence;
Tho' 'tis not in the Power of Verſe to raiſe
A Monument that's equal to his Praiſe;
Shall his Illuſtrious Deeds remain unſung,
While Truth has Speech, or Gratitude a Tongue?
Virtues that muſt his Glorious Life applaud,
And ſpread his Worth at Home, and Fame Abroad.

O! Prince, for Skill in Arts and Arms renown'd,
With Conduct and with Courage ever crown'd;

What haſt thou not for *Britain*'s Int'reſt done!
What Hazards not for thy lov'd Country run!
What Towns not taken by thy fierce Attacks!
What Enemies not forc'd to turn their Backs!
To fly before thy moſt avengeful Sword,
And to obey thy all commanding Word;
As from thy riſing to thy ſetting Rays,
From their firſt Dawn, down to their laſt Decays,
All of a Piece, all regular and bright,
Thou dartedſt forth continu'd Burſts of Light:
So the great Ruler of the Day, that moves
Orbicularly round his Circuit proves;
Into Earth, and Seas, and Air, its Beams extends,
With Radiancy begins, with Luſtre ends.

Methinks I see thee, when first Honour's Call
Summon'd thy Youth to serve the warlike *Gaul*:
When *Turenne* taught thee how to think and Fight,
Dear to his Mind, and lovely to his Sight:
Whether thou wert the Theme of his Diſcourſe,
For Perſonal, or Military Force:
Since he excurſive on both Topicks ran,
Whence thou wert ſtil'd, *His handſome Engliſhman*;
And hadſt the Glory in War's firſt Eſſays,
For Brav'ry, to obtain that General's Praiſe.
Hence lov'd by Courts, the Pride of Camps became,
And Kings themſelves approv'd thy riſing Fame.

To *CHARLES* the Second ever wast thou dear,
By him preferr'd to be a *Scottish* Peer;
After thou hadst a Tribune's Office gain'd,
Still rising, while that gracious Monarch reign'd.
Then *JAMES* his Brother took thee in his Breast,
And held thy Gallantry in Arms confess'd,
By placing thee among his *English* Lords,
And at his Council's and his General's Boards:
But oh! that Prince pernicious Measures took,
Which Minds like thine could never deign to brook;
Wherefore, in Aid of violated Laws,
Of true Religion, and thy Country's Cause,
Thou with unwilling and reluctant Heart,
In our Deliv'rance shar'dst a noble Part.

NASSAU

NASSAU the next, *Britannia's* Scepter sway'd,
Who still of Merit a right Judgment made;
And not to be with high Deserts in Debt,
Advanc'd thee to an Earldom's Coronet;
Gave thee Commission to Command in Chief,
When *Ireland* fought Protection and Relief;
And to confirm the Prudence of his Choice,
That ever was distinguishing and nice,
Trusted young *Glouceſter* to thy Care alone,
To teach him how to reign, and wear a Crown.
The fame great Monarch too, at his Demiſe,
Judging to what a Height thy Fame shou'd rise,
Bequeath'd thee to direct his Armies and Allies.

How

How thy Diſcharge of this important Truſt,
Diſclos'd thy Faithfulneſs, and ſpoke thee juſt,
The ten firſt Years of *ANNA*'s happy Reign,
Can by their ſhining Luſtre beſt explain.
Be theſe Atchievements the Hiſtorian's Theme,
In Poeſie they'll be taken for a Dream:
For 'tis not in Deſcription to declare
The Progreſs of thy Martial Troops in War;
The Work of Ages in few Summers done,
And many Years exploits perform'd in one.
As Rivers and as Lines impervious paſt,
And Provinces reduc'd with rapid Haſte,
Thy Valour and Succeſs alike atteſt.
As we by Battles after Battles fought,
And by almoſt *Herculian* Wonders wrought,
Not ev'n to credit what we read, are taught;

Yet

Yet ev'n amidst this Harvest of Success,
This Glut of Conquests that thy Toils did bless,
These Benefits which from thy Labours rose,
How wast thou treated by domestick Foes;
Traduc'd as an Encourager of Strife,
That sought to lengthen out the War for Life:
And after Senates and thy Queen had made
Laws to perpetuate thy Fame and Aid,
How were thy Sov'reign's Favours found to cease,
(Thy Queen impos'd upon with Terms of Peace)
And thou divested of thy Posts to prove
Ingratitude a base Return for Love;
As exil'd from thy Friends and native Shore,
Thou liv'dst in Towns thy Arms had won before;

Till

Till *GEORGE* arriv'd upon the *British* Coast,
And gave true Merit what true Merit loſt.

But oh! farewell to ev'ry earthly Claim,
To all the Pomp of an exalted Name,
To Titles, Dignities, and Wealth amaſs'd,
Grim Death o'ercomes the Conqueror at laſt;
And is by many Diſtances too hard
For thee that gain'd the Fight at *Oudenard*,
That triumph'd in *Ramellia*'s duſty Plain,
Or, trampled o'er thy Foes at *Bleinheim* ſlain;
That ſav'd an Empire when at Ruin's Brink,
And wou'dſt not let the *German* Eagle ſink,
But mount with Wings all tow'ring to the Sky,
And bear its lofty Plumes elate and high.

Farewel

Farewel to Trophies at *Blenheim* gain'd,
To laurell'd Wreaths at *Scellemberg* obtain'd,
To Grandeur's and to Glory's tempting Charms,
To the Delights of Victory and Arms,
To all Things human Apetites invite
For Pleasures more refin'd and exquisite,
That thou, rewarded by thy righteous Judge,
For Heavenly Mansions may'st exchange thy *Lodge*.

So Rome's Dictator a Retirement chose,
After his Conquests o'er the *Roman*'s Foes;
And Reign of Palaces sublime and great,
Liv'd and expir'd in a small Country Seat.

F I N I S.